

The Critic

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1890

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Twilight Park, in the Catskills.

In response to an advertisement in the NATION, I recently sold a \$1,000 site to a Poughkeepsie lawyer, and his example has led to further sales, amounting to some \$4,000, in the same part of the Park, near Ledge End. Our total sales this season already exceed \$20,000. The Club-House has been overflowing—one hundred guests besides servants most of the time—making one hundred and fifty by actual count August 24, and fifty others taking their meals at home. Three new cottages have been built this summer and seven others projected, besides a third addition to the Club-House and a handsome Recreation Hall. There are now twice as many cottages, and double the population as last year, and the end is not yet.

I write this advertisement chiefly to say that the Club-House will be open through October and that no one who can make the trip should miss the chance to see the mountains in their full Indian-summer glory. We have been turning away applicants all summer, but after September 20 we can accommodate a few, and by October 1 there will be ample room. Address

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Literature

Gildersleeve's "Essays and Studies"

IN THIS VARIED MISCELLANY of a scholar's thought one may see that the scholar in the university can do no less effective work than the scholar in politics. Too often has it been the case that mere pedantry has sat in the high seats and empty pedagogues occupied the chief places in the university synagogues of the land, while true literary polish was exiled, and genius and wit kept aloof from the centres of learning. How rare have been the opportunities which our students have had of listening to Lowell and Holmes, to Longfellow, and Stedman, and Gildersleeve! The traditions of the Golden Age are revived when such men as these deign to occupy university chairs, and Modern Languages, Greek, Poetry and Medicine have such *élite* representatives as the five men in our list.

Prof. Gildersleeve came to the Johns Hopkins University as a comparatively unknown man, preceded by a brilliant reputation as a Grecian, indeed, but known only to a circle of devoted students and admirers as far more than this. Virginia and the South knew him as their brightest and most intellectual scholar, who suffused his college teaching with wit and racy comment and imaginative glow: a scholar on whose tongue hung a drop of the bitter wine of Erasmus, a flavor of the kindling scholarship of Bentley, a *souffron* of Heine's Göttingen, more than a grain of Attic salt. In him for the first time many a fervid young Southern nature beheld its dream of delightful learning realized: here was a scholar who was not a pedant, a teacher who could turn Sophocles into charming blank-verse for his pupils, a grammarian bristling with grammar as any porcupine with quills, yet bubbling over with Athenian joyousness and airy sarcasm.

When he was 'called up higher' (as all chosen natures ultimately are), to Johns Hopkins University, his local reputation widened; his thorough work on Justin Martyr and Pindar and the manifold sides of *The Journal of Philology* established for him a European fame, and he became known not only as a daring and searching commentator, and editor armed with the acuteness and insight of the German school, a great and stimulating teacher, a Grecian unique in attainments and profundity; but his learning was thrown into a literary form so appetizing that hearers and readers alike followed with delight what he had to say, and found in him the American Lang, long (as the children say) before Lang was born. For nowhere else except in the Scotchman can one find so subtle a combination of French charm of manner with German depth and comprehensiveness of scholarship. Lang sparkles anonymously in *The Saturday Review*; Gildersleeve illumines a dozen corners of the philological journals with his vivacious pen, his cunning wit, his matchless grammatical knowledge, his luminous contrasts between ancient conditions and modern society.

* *Essays and Studies Educational and Literary*. By B. L. Gildersleeve. \$3.50 Baltimore: N. Murray.

All things Greek are as alive to this scholar as *tout Paris* is to *Figaro*.

In the volume of essays before us one is struck with this, and with the versatility and sprightliness which aerate such ponderous themes as 'Julian the Apostate,' 'Maximilian,' 'The Limits of Culture,' 'College Teaching at the Universities,' and the like. Anybody else would have made of these themes, in all likelihood, a jumble intolerable. Under the touch of the master they get wings and mercurial buoyancy and poetic airiness. The most daring and brilliant of them all is 'Xanthippe and Socrates,' a study lambent with Voltairean humor, and the best *pièce justificative* we have ever read of the pranks of the famous shrew. Prof. Gildersleeve's dramatic instinct is vivid; he has the happy faculty of dramatizing whatever he writes about. The reader is lifted over seas of allusion and recondite research by his method of treating such topics as 'The Legend of Venus': Greek antiquity lives and breathes under his vivid manipulation: it is all spectacular to him, and full of panoramic instancy and mobility. It is a pity that a talent of this kind has been tied by a cruel fate to the quibbles and quagmires of the grammarian's *terre tremblante*: that so bright a gift has not generously given itself to the popularization, in the best sense, of the Greek classics. Greece can teach us so much, and such interpreters as the author of these papers are few indeed.

Columbus and the Icelandic Discoverers*

THE 'COLUMBUS LITERATURE' which the approaching celebration is calling forth has received a rather peculiar addition. If this celebration is to be regarded in the light of a canonization of the great discoverer as a 'world-hero,' it is doubtless directly in order that a 'devil's advocate' should appear in court to contest his claims to the distinction. One regrets, however, to find the fair and zealous archæologist whom we have heretofore known as Miss Marie A. Brown, but who is now translated to the matrimonial dignity as Mrs. John B. Shipley, eager to undertake this not very desirable office, which her laudable Norse studies did not by any means require her to assume. In her recent volume on 'The Icelandic Discoverers of America,' her chief object seems to be not merely to deprive the famous Italian navigator of all credit for his supposed discovery, but to show him to have been one of the basest of men. According to Mrs. Shipley, he stole his knowledge of the New World from the Icelandic records, and did his best to keep his theft a secret. Besides being a fraudulent appropriator of other men's deserts, he was a heartless slave-dealer; he was a fanatical zealot, with a turn for persecution; he was a greedy monopolist of wealth and honors. He was mean, insolent, perfidious, and selfish. Not a meritorious trait of any description is allowed to him.

All this is the sad result of a passionate partisanship, which has strangely obscured for the time, in the writer's mind, all 'sweet reasonableness' and natural sense of justice. So far was Columbus from attempting any concealment, that the only knowledge we have of his visit to Iceland is from his own direct statement. That he gained in that visit any knowledge which was of use to him in his plans of exploration is very improbable. What he sought was Asia; and the direction which he took in his voyage was about as far removed as possible from that of Leif Ericson and his followers. These bold Northern adventurers had evidently no idea that the land on which they had stumbled, and which in a few years they abandoned and left to oblivion, was part of a new continent. The other charges brought against Columbus, so far as they have any foundation,—and most of them are absurdly exaggerated,—merely show that he was not exempt from the faults of his time. If he was a fanatic in his faith, it is quite possible at the

* *The Icelandic Discoverers of America, or Honor to whom Honor is Due*. By Mrs. John B. Shipley (Marie A. Brown). New York: John B. Alden.

present day, as this volume shows, to be a fanatic in skepticism. Mrs. Shipley's latest book cannot be said to be creditable either to her good sense or to her literary powers.

"A Library of American Literature." Vol. XI.*

IN THEIR PREFACE to the final volume (Vol. XI.) of the 'Library of American Literature' the editors, Edmund C. Stedman and Ellen M. Hutchinson, give an interesting account of the history of the work. It covers the space of three centuries—from Shakespeare's time to the present day. 'For every author quoted at least five others have been under consideration.' A change of publishers made matters easier for the editors, who at first had had to do all the routine work connected with the publication, but the means furnished them only made them resolve to take additional pains and so produce a really serviceable work. The compilation of the series began in 1883. During the succeeding seven years many new writers appeared who are represented in the concluding volumes. This last volume contains, in addition to a large selection from contemporary writers of prose and verse, a very full general index and a collection of short biographies of all the authors represented in the book, very carefully compiled by Mr. Arthur Stedman.

The editors claim that this is a 'handmade' library; that it is not a piece of machine work. It represents their judgment solely. Almost everything in it has been read and examined by both. Still, they have not attempted to hold to a very strict standard of style. The Library is not confined to masterpieces. Seven weeks, instead of seven years, might have sufficed for a collection of the *great* American writers; but these, we are assured, have their proportionate share of space; and the editors are satisfied that they have produced a copious and trustworthy book of reference for all who need to have a wide, and, at the same time, a distinct view of the whole field of American literature. One thousand two hundred and seven authors have furnished two thousand six hundred and seventy-one excerpts to the work.

In this last volume we find an excellent steel-engraved portrait of Francis Marion Crawford, and woodcut portraits of Miss Mary N. Murfree, George Parsons Lathrop, James Whitcomb Riley and half a dozen others. There are poetical selections from Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Elaine and Dora Reed Goodale, Maurice Francis Egan, Irwin Russell, James Whitcomb Riley and many other living poets. Miss Murfree is represented by 'The Harnt that Walks Chilhowee'; Thomas Nelson Page by an extract from 'Marse Chan'; Margaret Deland by a chapter from 'John Ward, Preacher'; and there is a number of additional selections from Richard Adams Locke, Théodore Parker, Joseph Jefferson, Lyman Abbott and others, ranging between the dates 1834-1889. Among 'Noted Sayings' we find the origins of 'A good enough Morgan until after Election,' 'The Cohesive Power of Public Plunder,' 'Contemporaneous Posterity,' 'This New Departure,' the 'Twin Relics of Barbarism,' ex-President Cleveland's 'Public Office is a Public Trust,' and a definition of the word 'Mugwump' in its political sense. Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson have done a work which may be added to but will never need to be done again.

"The Conflicts of Labor and Capital" †

THIS WORK, in which the subject of labor-unions and labor disputes is treated both historically and economically, was first published in 1878, and is now issued in a new and revised form. The author says that so great have been the changes in public opinion concerning trade-unions during the past twelve years that the work had to be practically rewritten. When the first edition was published, the abuse of

the unions in the press and elsewhere was so constant that the book had to be largely devoted to a defense of them, whereas now they 'are bepraised and commended by all sorts and conditions of men.' The work is able and thorough; and though devoted almost exclusively to labor affairs in England, it will be useful and even necessary to all special students of the subject everywhere. Its principal fault is too great fullness of detail, especially in the descriptive and historical parts, where the array of petty facts is often so great that the general features of the subject are obscured, and the reader fails to obtain a clear view of the whole. In other respects, however, the work is well done, being written with painstaking fidelity and in a judicious temper.

Mr. Howell begins with the mediæval guilds, of which he gives an interesting account, and then proceeds to recount the origin and history of the modern trade unions, which he regards as the successors of the guilds. He fails, however, to show any historical connection between the two, while he shows clearly that the earlier societies were very different, both in membership and in purposes, from those of our time. He relates the struggles of the labor-unions to obtain the right of free action under the law, a right not fully conceded until 1875, and then proceeds to a somewhat minute account of the constitution and objects of the unions. He deals with all the leading questions that have arisen in the conflict of labor and capital, such as wages, hours of labor, intimidation and others, his views on most points seeming wise and impartial. He maintains that the unions have wrought a great benefit to the working classes and no real injury to others, and he looks forward to their continued usefulness in the future. He has some interesting chapters on conciliation and arbitration and also on coöperation, though he has no great faith in the latter. Readers of Mr. Howell's book will be likely to think that the labor question is in a fair way to settle itself, and that the Utopian schemes of communism, nationalism, etc., are as uncalled-for as they are mischievous.

"Japan and the Pacific" ‡

IN THEIR course of empire eastward, the Russians through sub-Artic and the British through tropical Asia, they have reached land's end, and are meeting on the Pacific. The 'Eastern Question' is soon to become a far Eastern, and, as we hope—trusting we may be pardoned the pun—a pacific question. Between Siberia and Saghalien, and Australia, Borneo and Hongkong, lies Japan. In a word, between the two earth-eating giants stands Japan, the nation holding the key to the Pacific Ocean. It is a congenial theme which the subject of the Mikado and young graduate of Cambridge, England, treats in his interesting essay of two hundred and sixty-five pages; for he is a decidedly pronounced specimen of New Japan, besides being well inoculated with British Jingoism. He knows and takes pride in his knowledge that the Japan of his day is no longer the hermit that cowers in fear at the shadow of an armed ship. He advertises the fact that Japan is now divided into six military districts, and her coast into five naval districts, while her sea-gateways are strongly fortified, and all her railways have been laid out with a military eye to the mobilization of troops. Having once driven off the Mongolarmada, the Japanese fear neither the British lion nor the Russian bear. Indeed, the little book seems not unlike an unofficial announcement that by the year 1900, at the latest, Dai Nippon will be ready for proposals of alliance, and will consider herself eligible to participation in those world-politics in which only powers which are spelled with a capital P take part.

The book is a neat specimen of English printing, and has ten chapters, with a good table of contents, but with no index, though with five sufficiently good maps. The first chapter is the most novel and interesting. In the others,

* A Library of American Literature, Compiled and Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen M. Hutchinson. Vol. XI. \$3. New York: Chas. L. Webster & Co.
† The Conflicts of Capital and Labor. By George Howell. \$2.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

‡ Japan and the Pacific, and a Japanese View of the Eastern Question. By Manjiro Inagaki. \$2. New York: Scribner & Welford.

the history of the 'Eastern Question' is outlined from the sixteenth century to the present time. It is probable that, despite the faults of style, which we can easily forgive to an Asiatic writer using English, this is the best connected account and bird's-eye view of the subject accessible in English. The author takes the ground that in preserving her Indian Empire and holding that part of her mighty Empire which is in Asia, Great Britain will do better by railroad-building than by fleets of gunboats or ironclads.

"The White Mountains"

THE TRUE AIM in travel among the mountains is to make them such wise and intimate friends that they shall impart their secrets to us and respond to our demands for a life that is larger than our own. This thought is the key-note of Dr. Julius H. Ward's little volume on 'The White Mountains': not a guide-book, nor a mere narrative of personal adventure, yet doing for the traveller what no guide-book has essayed, and full of a personality of a high type. The author has that rare gift of insight which enables him to interpret lovingly and well the mysteries of the material world. To him the mountains are more than piles of granite: they are congenial companions, with whom he shares all his deepest emotions, and whose ever-varying moods have for him an unmistakable significance. He owes much to Wordsworth, the influence of this priest of the mountains being visible on every page; and he would pay his debt by endeavoring to bring others into that sympathetic communion with nature which gives to each peak, and vale, and tarn, and streamlet a soul and a voice, responsive to every human aspiration. The perusal of such a book after a conventional run through the White Mountains, looking at everything but really seeing nothing, induces a feeling of shame and regret that one has been in the majestic presence of these eternal hills, and yet has failed to recognize the message they would communicate to every devout worshipper. Prospective tourists should by all means include Mr. Ward's volume in their outfit, since there is no question that it will help them to a fuller enjoyment of the wondrous beauty of the region by its revelation of much that might be unnoticed.

"Missionary Life in the Far North"†

IN HIS APPROPRIATELY named volume, Mr. E. R. Young gives the story of his missionary life and labors in the interior of that vast and dreary expanse of lakes, forests, and swamps, once a part of the Hudson Bay Company's Territories, and now composing the far North-west of the Canadian Dominion. Early in 1868 he received a letter from the Missionary Committee of the Canadian Methodist Church asking him to 'go as a missionary to the Indian Tribes at Norway House and in the North-west Territories, north of Lake Winnipeg.' He was then happily settled as the pastor of a flourishing church in the city of Hamilton, and was just married. He consulted his 'bride of a few days,' and with her encouragement accepted the summons, which they well knew to mean a toilsome exile, with many dangers and privations, among the savage inhabitants of one of the wildest regions of the globe. But the Missionary Committee knew their man, and doubtless their woman also. The history of their trials and adventures—the summer voyages in fragile birch canoes on storm-beaten lakes and in rock-strewn river channels, the winter trips by dog-train against blinding snowstorms and freezing gales, the frequent perils and hairbreadth escapes, the gradual gathering of converts, the occasional disappointments and the final remarkable successes,—make an extremely interesting narrative. With no attempt at literary effect, the author writes well, infusing into his pages the vigor and cheerfulness which carried him through

his difficult and hazardous work. His descriptions of the country and the people are always vivid and often highly entertaining. There are some good illustrations. A small map and an index would be desirable adjuncts to a new edition, which the book well deserves to reach.

Ellis's "The Criminal"

THE WORK of Mr. Havelock Ellis owes its origin to the rather remarkable fact that two branches of investigation which ought to be pursued together, the scientific and the practical, have, in the case of his subject, been kept widely and unreasonably separate. The scientific study of the criminal class has been prosecuted chiefly in Italy, where many excellent works relating to it have been published, of late years, by scholars of the first rank. In England, on the other hand, not one important work of that character has appeared; but the practical methods of dealing with this class of the population have been studied and elaborated with singular success. Mr. Ellis has undertaken the task of bringing together the results which have been achieved in both departments. He has done his work with much judgment and care, and has produced a book full of interesting facts and useful suggestions. The physical traits and mental characteristics of the habitual and the occasional criminal are minutely described. Many striking photographic portraits illustrate these descriptions, with a fidelity which is sometimes both grotesque and saddening.

The methods of discipline and mental improvement which have been pursued with gratifying results in some European and American prisons are also described in a highly interesting fashion. It is satisfactory to find that an American institution, the Elmira Reformatory, seems to lead all the rest, both in the intelligence with which its system of training is conducted, and in actual success. For the future of society it is not a little reassuring to learn that of the nearly 4000 prisoners who had been received at the Reformatory, 'on an indefinite sentence,' during the thirteen years from its opening to the end of 1889, over 2300 were paroled, and of these only about fifteen per cent. are estimated as having 'probably returned to criminal practices and contact.' This is an immense and indeed astonishing advance beyond what seemed the almost hopeless results of the older systems. One caution should be given. Science has sometimes to pursue its way by paths which lead through morasses not to be traversed by the steps of 'virgins and boys.' Mr. Ellis's work will be a helpful guide to philanthropists and anthropologists; but it is not a book for a school library.

Minor Notices

THE NEW VOLUME in the Adventure Series contains the 'Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp: Written by himself.' This redoubtable hero flourished in the first part of our century, and his story is well worth reprinting. He became a soldier when but ten years old, and by his pluck, endurance, and good sense rose through the various grades of service to a lieutenancy. Most of his experiences were in India, and his descriptions of persons and places, and of the events that make up a military life—stormy voyages, hard-fought battles, hand-to-hand encounters, love-affairs, duels, and the like—are remarkably vivid. So entertaining is the book, and so nearly free from blemishes in style, that one would scarcely suspect the author to have been without even a common-school education. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)—ALBERT F. BLAISDELL is best known as the author of a capital work on the 'Study of the English Classics'; more recently he has been writing upon hygienic topics. He now appears with a book of 'Stories of the Civil War,' selected from various sources, but chiefly from the narratives of those who took part in the scenes described. As might be expected, the sketches are full of spirit, and combine the thrilling, the pathetic, the tragic, and the ludicrous, in judicious proportions. Although the point of view is Northern, the selections have no partisan coloring, and there is very little in the volume to which the most ardent champion of the lost cause could take exception. And in accordance with the pre-

* The White Mountains: A Key to Their Interpretation. By Julius H. Ward. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† By Canoe and Dog-Train among the Cree and Santeaux Indians. By Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young. \$1.25. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

* The Criminal. By Havelock Ellis. \$1.25. New York: Scribner & Welford.

vailing tone, Francis M. Finch's familiar poem, 'The Blue and the Gray,' appropriately finds a place near the close. (\$1. Lee & Shepard.)

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK'S 'Introduction to the History of the Science of Politics' is a reprint of a series of articles originally published in *The Fortnightly Review*, dealing with political science in the strict sense, or the theory of the State and its functions, and covering the history of the science from Aristotle to Bentham. The author considers the scientific treatment of politics to have begun with Aristotle, and speaks slightly, and as it seems to us, unjustly of Plato's political works. Those parts of the work that deal with modern thinkers are also vitiated by the doctrine of the unlimited sovereignty of the State; the fact being that the sovereignty of every State is very strictly limited both in right and in power. Nevertheless, Sir Frederick's work is on the whole well done. He has a pretty clear conception of what political science is and of its various subdivisions; and he also gives at the beginning of his work a classification of all the sciences, designed especially to show the place of politics among them, but having more merit as a general scheme of classification than some others of which the world has heard much. It is needless to add that the work is written in a clear and flowing style, and is well printed. (75 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

THE FOURTEENTH issue of 'The Annual Statistician,' the third under the extended title of 'The Annual Statistician and Economist,' is an excellent reference book of its kind, for citizens or denizens of the United States, and, in particular, of the State of California. It gives an admirable abridgment of United States history, full tables of products, government officers, population and other statistics, more detailed information regarding California, and a summary but comprehensive view of the condition of the rest of the world, so far as it may be expressed in figures or short paragraphs. Many tables of everyday practical use are added, as tables of weight and specific gravity, capacity of barrels, casks, pipes and puncheons, tables of measurement, expansion and so forth. A miscellany, at the end, contains many interesting notes of progress in the arts and sciences, and statistics which could not be classed under any of the other divisions of the book. It is well bound in red cloth and plainly printed. (\$4. San Francisco: L. P. McCarthy. New York: F. E. Grant.)

MALCOLM TOWNSEND'S 'U. S.: Curious Facts, Historical, Geographical, Political' is a compendium of miscellaneous information, more or less valuable, on a great variety of topics in which Americans are interested. The geographical facts relate to accessions of territory, measurements of mountains, rivers and lakes, names and nicknames, with their derivations, of States and cities, the population, and much more. Under 'political' are given the most important public documents, with their history; lists of parties and summary of platforms in each campaign; and almost everything about the Presidents that the most inquisitive could wish to know—their genealogy, education, autographs, derivation of names and sobriquets, religion, wives, words and 'I's' in inaugurations, burial places with pictures of tombs, and several pages of items that will delight those curious in coincidences, alliterations, acrostics, and the mysteries of figures. In the historical division are full data of the wars of the United States, the growth of the American flag and of the great seal, and a complete chapter on coinage. A supplementary section has a table of first things, story of 'Yankee Doodle,' lists of plants and gems, a page of college cries, etc. The volume is certainly unique, and convenient as a manual of reference. (\$1.50. D. Lothrop Co.)

THE NEW EDITION of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' in three volumes, issued in Bohn's Standard Library, is in several points superior to other editions. It follows strictly Johnson's own text, relegating all corrections and necessary additions to the margin, in the form of notes. These are numerous and always valuable, as Johnson trusted much to his memory, wrote on short notice, and as he himself remarks, had made no such compilation of materials as he might have accumulated. Thus in the Life of Swift he is unsure about his birth; hints that he took, and surrendered on account of incompetence, the office of Deputy Master of the Rolls, which he refused; refers obscurely to an indefinite 'Combat des Livres' as the original of the 'Battle of the Books,' meaning probably the well-known passage in 'Le Lutrin,' and is otherwise unsatisfactory on almost every page. The editor's notes, and a selection from other commentators, correct and clear up these inaccuracies without injuring Johnson's (in this work) charming style. We have, therefore, an edition which is at once readable and correct; and one that is further enriched by an excellent Introduction,

from the pen of Prof. J. W. Hales, by interesting appendices, furnished by Austin Dobson and others, and by a copious index. (3 vols. \$4.20. Scribner & Welford.)

London Letter

IT IS AMAZING, even when one ought to have learned never to be amazed at anything, to find the extent to which faith in themselves will buoy up certain individuals in the teeth of every sort of manifestation of the world's contempt. I had once to walk out of a provincial theatre after the first act of 'Boote's Baby,' being no longer able to endure the wretched rendering of a wretched piece. Numbers did the same; everyone was jeering; it seemed as though the unfortunate amateurs—(they were amateurs, or one might have felt more scrupulous)—as though they could never again hold up their heads in the neighborhood which they had so maltreated,—for the tickets had been heavily priced, and even benevolence itself, when mulcted severely for a charity, likes to get something in the shape of a *quid pro quo*. Not a bit of it; the very ladies and gentlemen who had been all but hissed, on the evening in question, were walking about the crowded gardens of the place the next day, laughing over their mishaps, and accepting with avidity the good-natured congratulations of such as could not avoid saying something civil, but whose faces proclaimed the violence to their feelings caused by the effort.

We had something of the same sort down here by the sea, the other night. We had a Greek play—a play by Sophocles—a play founded upon a noble and touching theme; and yet I do steadfastly affirm that it was as much as many, and more than some of us could do, to restrain from open and manifest mirth throughout the entire performance, so utterly, so hopelessly, so irreclaimably comic was both its pathos and its pomp. The players were aristocratic amateurs; by what strange and mysterious reasoning they had persuaded themselves that they could act, or speak, or even look like Greeks of old, it is beyond any ordinary power to divine. Speech after speech succeeded each other which was not only unintelligible but absolutely inaudible to the audience, over whose solemn, patient countenances there gradually stole the blankness of despair. What could it mean? What was it all about? By twos and threes people began to steal away, until only about a third of the original assemblage remained to faintly echo the persistent clapping of the few set hands to which this part had been assigned. What next? A few of our party were critics, well-known 'first-nighters' in London theatres; they were caught, and we were all begged to go behind the scenes. And this brings me back to my opening remark: the ineffable complacency with which our faltering, stammering, treacherous and evasive attempts at compliment were received was a lesson in human nature never to be forgotten. 'I would rather have written half a play than have told that lie,' murmured a voice in my ear,—yet the lie, which after all was a very mild one, was received with a smile of gracious acceptance which would not have misbecome a veritable Antigone. Truly there is no opening the eyes of those who are born blind.

This being the off season with the publishers, there are scarcely any books of note likely to appear for another month or so. There are, however, rather more than usual of the pleasant, readable little books, which are handy for the morning on the shore, or in the woods, and which it does not matter about spoiling, or lending, or occasionally even losing. 'Education from the Cradle,' by the Princess Ouzousov, and translated by Mrs. E. Fielding, will have naturally but a limited number of readers; nevertheless, it ought to be popular with those who are interested in the subject. It is singularly practical and simple. It is wholesome and true. The penetration displayed in its pages, and the sound commonsense of the arguments used, make one wonder how and in what manner a Russian princess could have learned so much that applies equally to all countries and all classes. 'Education from the Cradle' is a very bright little book, and not only mothers, but all who have to do with the young in any way, will find it as interesting as it is instructive.

Another small volume I have to notice comes in another sense 'from the cradle,' the author being just seven and a half years old. This is its history—for such infantile effusions always have a history. Master Francis Patmore, the youngest child (by a very long way) of Mr. Coventry Patmore, being the worthy son of 'The Angel in the House,' desired greatly to give vent to the aspirations of his soul; and his father's birthday being at hand, he considered that day an auspicious one for presenting him with the result of much toil and care, in the shape of 'Two Stories: by Francis Patmore,' which he had had duly printed for the occasion. The first, yclept 'The Story of a Rat,' deals with the sly cunning of the race of Mus, and moreover shows an intimate acquaintance with the ins and outs of rat life. It is wonderfully well written for a little man

of seven, and though the chapters are somewhat uncertain in their lengths (being occasionally only six lines long!) all literary people have their freaks. The second story is not one of the imagination; it is the account of a long June day spent in the companionship of his father, a day probably never to be effaced from the writer's memory.

Mr. Patmore having thus delegated the pen to his son, is himself doing nothing at present. Naturally he has been beset by requests to write Newman's life,—but as naturally, and for the best of reasons, he has declined doing so. A biography of Newman would be a serious task to contemplate, and even if accomplished, might not prove a success. Newman was a great, a very great man, but his life during the last forty years or so was singularly uneventful. It would be exceedingly difficult to write about such a man; he must, and he always will, speak for himself. 'And we shall have shoals of letters from all quarters,' added Mr. Patmore, when discussing the subject lately. 'It is known that when his voluminous correspondence with Pusey was wanted for Pusey's life a few months ago, the request was not complied with. There is no conceivable reason for this refusal, save that the letters were to be kept back till they should see the light in another form. Newman was a great letter-writer. From his letters we shall learn more of him now than we could by any other means.'

Newspapers are always vaunting themselves as having the 'largest circulation' in the world: here is a new idea for them: the Austrian Emperor's morning paper, which his Imperial Majesty consults daily, and consults over occasionally, has the *smallest* circulation in the world. In fact, its circulation is limited to the august Francis Joseph himself. This *Chronicle*—I believe that is the name—is the most curious publication imaginable. Its proprietor is the Emperor, it is published for the Emperor, and so far as I can learn, it is only read by the Emperor. It is, at any rate, issued for his sole benefit; and the Imperial News Bureau brings it out at a cost of 200,000 gulden yearly. It contains, in a condensed form, all the articles in foreign papers which refer to Austria. Surely this is true wisdom—I mean this desire of becoming acquainted with *all* that is publicly said or written about oneself, when that self is set in high place. Many a word which no courtier, nor subject would venture to speak direct, may thus find its way to the Imperial ear.

At a certain English home every newspaper, every magazine, every book or pamphlet is carefully put aside, until it is ascertained that it contains no breath of adverse opinion concerning him who is the god of the place. Not that he himself would risk looking inside to see—but then he *might* look in. As a matter of fact, he did once turn over an open page when waiting in a friend's house, and what he found therein hurt his tender feelings. He cannot bear that all should not worship at his shrine; it is to him strange, inexplicable. Since that ill-fated day, however, the family watch has been redoubled, and it is hoped that he now never hears of nor suspects anything beyond the most complete subservience, the most idolatrous homage on the part of a devoted public. Thus only can his spirit be kept calm. Imagine what would be the terrors inspired by the project of having a daily paper, such as is laid before the Emperor of Austria, admitted to the sacred breakfast table at Hawarden Castle!

The magazines are much given over to little stories, and brief adventures, this month. *Blackwood's* has one or two spirited little sketches of this sort, notably 'The Vale of the Manor and the Black Dwarf,' which is an interesting account of that part of Scotland which Scott immortalised, and of the living representatives of those characters whom he best loved to portray. 'A Unique Town' and 'A Morning in the Grampians' also appeal to lovers of Nature. *Longman's* has a most excellent article on Théophile Gautier, in the style of those short popular biographical sketches which have done so much to raise the reputation of *Temple Bar*. *Temple Bar* is good throughout—as it nearly always is now-a-days. It has seldom any one specially remarkable article, but maintains a moderately high standard all through.

May I just mention a sentence in a recent number of *The Critic*, likely to mislead people who may be interested in golf and golf-players? The words are: 'Mr. Lang writes the history of golf in the volume of the Badminton Library devoted to the game.' This number of *The Critic* was actually in my hand when Mr. Horace Hutchinson came in, whom I knew to be the author of that volume of the Badminton Series, so I asked him what it meant? He explained that Mr. Lang had written a short history of the game in the preface to the book. But the paragraph was so misleading that no one on merely seeing it, would ever have doubted Mr. Lang's, and not Mr. Hutchinson's, being the golf authority of Badminton.* As

* Mr. Hutchinson was named and quoted by the reviewer (*Critic*, Aug. 9), but undue stress was laid upon Mr. Lang's contribution to the book.—EDS. CRITIC.

Mr. Hutchinson is, or was, the champion golf player of England, this is of some little importance to lovers of the game. Golf is spreading everywhere now. There are beautiful 'links' here at Eastbourne, and they are being played on morning, noon and night.

LONDON Sept. 2, 1890.

L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

A GOOD DEAL of interest is felt here in the new departure which that venerable weekly *The Commonwealth* is to take on Saturday, and the fact that Edward Everett Hale is to be editorially connected with it, renews the wonder how he can find time for such a multiplicity of literary labors. Besides the bright books which he throws off from time to time, his regular work in *Lend a Hand*, *The Cosmopolitan*, and *The New England Magazine*, and the various articles which he contributes to other periodicals would seem to leave him no time for new ventures. But his capacity for writing increases with the demand for his contributions, and I recall the fact that his literary fertility is of long standing. Before he became of age he wrote his full share in the columns of *The Monthly Chronicle* and *The Boston Miscellany*; and his subsequent editorship of *The Christian Examiner*, *The Sunday-School Gazette*, and *Old and New* shows the experience he has had in a different field of labor. His training in practical journalism, which is illustrated by the fact that he served in every capacity, from reporter up to editor-in-chief, on the venerable *Daily Advertiser*, the newspaper founded by his father, helps to account for his versatile facility, but his breadth of knowledge and sympathy is the key to the range and vitality of his literary work.

The Commonwealth will have an elevated function as the organ of all the important societies for scientific, historic, and philanthropic study which exist in Boston; and its early brilliancy, which was illustrated by the editorship of M. D. Conway, and the contributions of Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Ellery Channing, John Burroughs, Wm. T. Harris, D. A. Wasson, F. B. Sanborn and Dr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Howe, may be rivalled in its new development. In one of her poems, Mrs. Howe suggests the experience she had with the paper when it struck out fearlessly at shining marks in literature and politics. 'I was the Saucy Commonwealth,' she says in 'A Vision of Montgomery Place,' in which she represents herself as doing penance at Dr. Holmes' door for having made an assault upon his literary work, which he repaid with kindly praise of her own.

Mr. Frederic E. Goodrich, the managing editor of *The Commonwealth*, is an experienced journalist, who has of late years been a leader-writer for the *Post*. He is a man of liberal tastes and bright ideas, and is the author of a life of Gen. Winfield S. Hancock.

The success of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward in collaborating the brilliant historical novel, 'The Master of the Magicians,' lends much interest to their new book in the same field which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish on Sept. 20. It is entitled 'Come Forth,' and is a story of the time of Christ, Lazarus being the hero, and its scenes being laid in Jerusalem, Bethany, and Capernaum. Though the narrative is fictitious, the characters and setting are true to the times, and the story, which is one of love, brings in Annas, the great High Priest, the Temple, the social relations of the Pharisees and Sadducees, the Sisters of Bethany, and the customs of the home life of Palestine. Christ is reverentially introduced into the story, which has a high spiritual tone superadded to its force and interest as a novel.

On the same day the same firm will bring out in two volumes Hawthorne's 'Our Old Home,' in a fine large-paper edition, limited to 250 copies, and illustrated with thirty-one photogravures of English scenery, country homes, churches, etc., and an etched portrait of Hawthorne for the frontispiece. This book, with its keen observation and analysis of national character, and its sympathetic appreciation of the sentiment of the scenery and structures that are associated with so much personal and historic interest has a peculiar charm for American readers. An interesting feature of it is the introduction of passages from the 'English Note-Books' to illustrate the text.

Francis Tiffany is an acute and brilliant writer on social and ethical subjects, and in 'The Life of Dorothea Lynde Dix,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish on Sept. 20, he has a subject well suited to his powers. Miss Dix has an exceptional fame as a practical philanthropist, and her triumphs in founding asylums for the insane in this country and Europe are full of stimulus and encouragement to the cause of humanity. As an illustration of the capacity of women for high achievement in a field where energy and persistency are needed for the furtherance of ideal aims, the book is invaluable.

William Henry Bishop's novel, 'The Golden Justice,' which has a Hawthorne-like touch in some of its characterizations, is to be issued in the Riverside Paper Series Sept. 20. On the same date Vols. III. and IV. of Literary Essays, Lowell's Works, Riverside Edition, will be published.

One of the most attractive books of travel of the season is 'A Summer Holiday in Europe,' by Mary Elizabeth Blake, which Lee & Shepard have just published. The author has done some fine work in poetry, and her poetic sentiment gives a charming color to her descriptions. She touches with a delicate and discriminating hand the salient characteristics of countries and peoples, and her writing has that sympathetic quality which is so attractive in books of travel.

The October *Atlantic* will have a charming story of New England rural life by Sarah Orne Jewett, entitled 'The Morning Boat.' E. P. Evans considers 'Henrik Ibsen: His Life Abroad and Later Dramas,' with critical appreciation. Mrs. Deland's 'Sidney,' which is concluded in this number, works out the problem of theistic belief through the affections with great skill. 'Felicia,' Miss Fanny Murfree's story, gains in interest. 'Benedict Arnold's Treason' is vigorously depicted by John Fiske. Bradford Torrey describes 'Robin Roosts,' and speculates as to their cause. 'Frémont,' by Prof. Josiah Royce, is considered as a curious and baffling enigma. J. Kirke Paulding has an interesting account of 'A Wandering Scholar of the Sixteenth Century.' 'Hexameters and Rhythmic Prose' are considered by Prof. George H. Palmer. Dr. Holmes, in 'Over the Teacups,' chats pleasantly about commencements and other celebrations, American and English, and gives an account of an 'Evening Conversazione and Fête' which he attended in London, given by the Rev. Mr. Haweis, which struck him as having a curious flavor of city provincialism. The Contributors' Club has some tender passages from the notes of John Boyle O'Reilly.

I hear that Mr. T. B. Aldrich is expected home in about three weeks. He had a pleasant visit to England and passed some time on the Continent visiting the Engadine and other picturesque resorts. The London edition of his new volume of poems is to be published by Macmillan & Co.

BOSTON, Sept. 15, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Lounger

MR. DEPEW is a typical American. This is no new discovery, but the account he gave last week of his recent outing strongly emphasized the fact of his abounding Yankeeism. The way he 'did' certain cities of Italy this summer comes near to beating the record for sight-seeing on the Continent. This is his report of two average days in Italy:—

I left Verona at 10 o'clock in the morning, gobbled a chicken in the restaurant, devoured it on the train, reached Venice at 2, where I had telegraphed ahead for a gondola, did every canal, place of interest, ancient thing and modern shop there was by 7, then spent two hours in the evening on the main canal listening to the serenades and looking at the beauties hanging out of the balconies. I took the train at half-past 11 for Milan, and got there at 5 o'clock in the morning, telegraphed ahead for a cab and a cup of coffee, did the Grand Cathedral, did everything there was in the town that was to be seen—that was open—and opened the places that were not. I was anxious to see La Scala, the great opera house of Milan, to know how it compared with our own Metropolitan Opera House. The guardian at the door said: 'La Scala opens for neither prince or peasant until 11 o'clock.' I said: 'I am neither. I am a sovereign.' 'Well,' he said, 'it is utterly impossible.' I held up to him an Italian coin, that looked as large as a cart-wheel to his eye at that hour in the morning, and I said: 'Do you think you could find a man who has more authority than you?' He thought he could. That man appeared. Said he: 'My dear sir, this is utterly impossible.' I held up a gold coin. 'Well,' said he, 'there are circumstances.' And I saw all there was of La Scala.

No one can question the aggressive Americanism of a man who can get around Europe at this rate in midsummer.

TO THOSE NARROW-MINDED citizens who hint that no Presidential candidate should be on good terms, personally, with the big-wigs of Europe, Mr. Depew replies that the man who goes abroad without meeting, if he can, the men who govern the countries he visits, 'is a fool,' and that even his election to the Presidency wouldn't make a wise man of him. He knew such a man, he says; and it was amusing to see him turn the corner and cut down a by-street to avoid meeting a Prince or Prime-minister. His turn to occupy the White House hasn't come yet. Very likely it never will. Mr. Depew goes over every year expressly to meet the great men of the Old World—the greater the better. This year, he is sorry to say, there were comparatively few left for him to conquer.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS the largest books that bring the largest prices. Only a day or two ago, as I was mousing among the old books that have a shelf of their own at Scribner & Welford's, my attention was called to a small, leather-covered case, about an inch thick and as long and wide as a sheet of commercial note-paper. Inside of this case were two volumes, neither of which was much thicker than the pocket-book of an author. One of these was the original edition of *The Snob*, the other of *The Gownsmen*, the short-lived but lively periodicals which Thackeray not only edited but wrote during his residence at Cambridge. *The Snob*, which contains the suggestion of the most famous satirical writing of modern times, is printed on different colored papers, and consists of only eleven numbers. Of *The Gownsmen* there are seventeen. These copies are exceedingly rare. At the Mackenzie sale in London, in March, 1889, they brought 125*l*. The two volumes that I had the pleasure of examining are, I believe, the first to be offered for sale in this country. The price asked for them is not so high as the one quoted: they may be had for the modest sum of \$550. Where is the lover of Thackeray who would hesitate to pay such a price—if he could afford it?

THE DAILY PAPERS recorded last week the death of 'a well-known bookmaker.' Catching the headline, I read the paragraph to see which of our local literary celebrities had gone over to the majority. Not recognizing the name in the first line, I thought it must be some hack, who published his compilations anonymously but was 'well-known in the trade.' But 'the deceased' proved not to be even that; nor yet was he a manufacturer of what is commonly understood by the word 'books.' A glimmer of light was thrown upon the man's real occupation by this sentence:—'Nathan had been making a book at the Cony Island Jockey Club races, and had been warned by his physician that he would probably die unless he took a rest from the excitement of his occupation.' So the 'well-known bookmaker' was a professional gambler, and in the way of making money at a pace unknown to the poor devils who grind out literature.

'RUMMAGING among some old papers this morning,' writes Mr. William Cushing Bamburgh, 'I turned up the following anecdote from a near and dear friend of Miss Cushman's:—At the time Carlyle was literally buried in the life of the great Prussian King, spending his time wholly in his library, where no one dared to intrude, only descending from time to time for a cup of tea prepared by his devoted wife, Miss Cushman called on Mrs. Carlyle and asked after her health. Mrs. Carlyle replied in broad Scotch accent: "As well as could be expected of anyone walking in the valley and shadow of Frederick the Great." Mr. Bamburgh, by the way, to whose illuminated copy of 'Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book' I called attention some months since, is now illuminating the Song of Solomon, in an older style than the Aldrich book. He is also interleaving a copy of Cabot's Memoirs of Emerson, as he did Dr. Holmes's 'Before the Curfew'; and the Duke of Argyll has sent him the following 'sentiment' for it:—"In remembrance of a human countenance of singular purity, dignity and beneficence." This, His Grace assures Mr. Bamburgh, is 'sincerely written.'

THE DEATH of Mrs. Janet Halleck Drake de Kay at Staten Island, on Sept. 12, is deserving of note in a literary paper, on account of the associations that so largely affected her life. The only child of Joseph Rodman Drake, author of 'The Culprit Fay' and 'The American Flag,' whose poems she edited, and namesake of the poet Fitz-Greene Halleck, her marriage, very early in her teens, to George Coleman de Kay (afterwards a Commodore in the Argentine service) made her the sister-in-law of Dr. James de Kay, a distinguished naturalist in the earlier years of the century, and author of a volume of 'Sketches in Turkey' and various works on natural history. Her oldest daughter is the Mrs. Arthur Bronson to whom Browning dedicated his last book, 'Asolando'; the youngest is the wife of the editor of *The Century*; while her youngest and only surviving son is Charles de Kay, the poet and art-critic. Mrs. de Kay was a lady of what it is nowadays the fashion to call the old school, singularly refined in manner and appearance, and of a personality that retained its charm during the years of suffering which preceded her death, at the age of seventy-one. It was to Mrs. de Kay's father that Halleck addressed the familiar lines,

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

THE Rev. Newman Smyth, who is a great lover of the wilderness, will have a richly illustrated article in the October *Scribner's* on the Maine woods.

MR. LANG PROTESTS against the manufacture of misleading newspaper paragraphs on the rewards of literature. He finds it difficult to understand the interest with which many people discuss literary incomes, and suspects that 'the supply of this stuff,' by the purveyors of newspaper news, 'probably exceeds the demand.' Whether or no there are fifty novelists in England just now who make \$5000 a year by their pens, he is indifferent to decide. It is a vexed question, and Mr. Lang is a vexed auditor when the discussion is started in his hearing.

Nobody asks what barristers, doctors, or other professional people earn. They all do much better on the whole than authors, because they supply a necessary article. We can do without buying novels, but we cannot get pills, draughts, and legal opinions from the circulating libraries. The literary profession is the least lucrative of all; its very prizes are comparatively insignificant. Yet the writers of gossip are eternally harping on the fabled wealth of their fellow-practitioners; wealth which, even when mythically exaggerated, is not on a level with the dream of avarice.

It is bad enough to be poorly paid for one's work, and it doesn't help matters much to hear it said that you enjoy a princely income.

THE CATALOGUE of a dealer in autographs is no respecter of persons. You may think yourself 'no end of a swell,' and your name at the bottom of a check may be worth hundreds, or even thousands, of dollars; but at the bottom of a letter it may be worth nothing at all, or at best but a few cents. In the catalogue of an English dealer lying before me—that of Messrs. Newcome & Co. of Manchester,—a four-page letter written by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is priced at two shillings, while one of only two pages, written by Robert Burns, is put at thirty pounds. And yet how much livelier would be the demand for a check drawn by the peeress than for one drawn by the poet, if the latter were alive! The letter from Burns was sent to a nobleman with a volume of the writer's poems. In it, he says:—

I know, my Lord, such is the vile venal contagion which pervades the world of letters, that professions of respect from an author, particularly from a poet, to a Lord, are more than suspicious. I claim—by past conduct, and my feelings at this moment, as exceptions to the too just conclusion. Exalted as are the honours of your Lordship's name, and unnoticed as is the obscurity of mine, with the uprightness of an honest man I come before your Lordship, with an offering however humble, 'tis all I have to give, of my grateful respect, and to beg of you, my Lord, 'tis all I have to ask of you, that you will do me the honour to accept of it.

This is not altogether in the spirit of 'a man's a man for a' that.'

International Copyright

WITHIN the past fortnight there has been another change in the parliamentary situation at Washington, which makes it improbable that the Copyright bill will receive attention during the present session. Since the first week in August—when the 'morning hour,' which had been for many months suspended, was suddenly restored—it was hoped that the Copyright bill would be reached; and the Joint Copyright Committee determined to lose no chance for favorable consideration of the Simonds bill, which, had the morning hour been retained, would have been sure of consideration on the call of the Patents Committee. In calculating the favorable chances, the Copyright Committee reckoned upon the fuller attendance caused by this restoration of an opportunity for Committee business, and also upon Speaker Reed's adherence to his ruling of May 3 (curiously enough, on the question of International Copyright), *viz.*, that unfinished business does not take precedence of the morning hour. In the case of the compound lard bill, the days in August appointed for its consideration expired before it was disposed of; whereupon the Speaker reversed his former decision, and ruled that the unfinished business takes precedence of the morning hour, of which nothing has since been heard.

The Copyright Committee reasoned that even should Mr. Simonds's bill fail in this session, they would still have a chance with the Adams bill for the second session, under Mr. Reed's ruling that it had not been disposed of and must be considered *de novo*; and as it is little more than three parliamentary months until a new Congress, it was thought best to take the chance.

The result of the renewed activity of the friends of the reform has been to strengthen the interest of friends of the bill in the House, and to gain supporters from the opponents or absentees of May 2. At every point the Committee has consulted with the prominent friends of the bill in the House, who now think the parliamentary difficulties in its way at the present session insurmountable.

Friends of International Copyright should see that no effort is spared *during the recess of Congress* to urge the reform upon Representatives while they are personally accessible at their homes.

Twenty "Immortelles."

YIELDING to an apparently general desire on the part of our readers, which has found expression many times in private letters addressed to the editors, as well as in the printed comments on our Academy composed exclusively of men, we take pleasure in hereby throwing open the polls again, this time for the election of an Academy to be composed of the *twenty writers whom our readers deem the true representatives of what is best in cultivated American womanhood*. Voters should be careful not to put more than twenty sname upon their lists, and to write only on one side of the paper. Every list must contain the writer's name and address, though these will not be published. If the balloting proceeds as briskly as we expect it to, the result will be announced in *The Critic* of Oct. 25. By the merest coincidence, Miss Helen Gray Cone will contribute to the October *Century* an article on 'Woman in American Literature,' from which our readers may derive suggestions that will be of use to them in making up their lists.

Canon Liddon

ONE of the conceits of our age is that the pulpit has had its day. How complacently do our huge dailies tell us that they are taking the place of the pulpit as public educators; pointing us with pride to their mammoth Sunday editions, with their endless columns of gossip about everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth. And yet this very generation has been the day of Padre Agostino, of Père Hyacinthe, of Mr. Spurgeon, of Henry Ward Beecher and of Phillips Brooks! The noble Englishman who has but the other day passed away from earth was found worthy by his contemporaries to rank in this group of illustrious preachers.

Canon Liddon was known to his own generation chiefly as a preacher, and, in so far as we can anticipate the verdict of posterity, we may even now conclude that as such alone he is likely to be remembered. A scholarly man, of the sort that the great English Universities turn out, he is known by no great work of scholarship such as the cloistered retreats of the Cathedrals and Abbeys have given to our age. No brilliant histories from his pen have vindicated his succession in St. Paul's to the charming Milman. A theologian, by all his instincts, he has written no treatise which marks an epoch in the Church of England. No school gratefully calls him 'the prophet,' as Maurice is still called. His theological writings lack the deep inner mark of a true *theo-logos*, which is patent to every one in the first Christian who bore that title. What a contrast between the philosophic mysticism of St. John and the learned scholarly traditionalism of Canon Liddon's Bampton Lectures on 'The Divinity of our Lord'! *The Spectator* notwithstanding, this fine-souled, strong-brained schoolman was not pre-eminently a theologian. We doubt whether his elaborate treatise on 'The Divinity of our Lord' brings nigh to most readers the true divinity. 'Wisdom and Goodness they are God.' We much suspect, also, that before another generation this 'masterly argument' will take its place with its fellows in that Library of the Bampton Lecturers to which all 'sound' clergymen like to 'point with pride' upon their shelves—and then pass over at death to the second hand booksellers, as 'uncut.'

But in the pulpit of St. Paul's, what a power Canon Liddon has been! Those great throngs of eager listeners, always gathering when it was known that he was to preach, tell the story of his mission. He was unquestionably one of the foremost preachers of our day of great pulpit orators. Gifted by nature for this work, he prepared for it assiduously; studying not only the records of the great preachers of the past, but watching carefully the greatest living preachers of Europe. He concentrated his energies on this one work. Into his pulpit he brought the stores of his wide reading. In noble and dignified language, he gave to the hosts of men who flocked to hear him the virile thoughts of a clergyman whom everyone instinctively felt to be a man. Every sermon was charged with the force of a lofty character. Thus he made the pulpit of St. Paul's a power upon the national conscience such as was found alone in the Abbey pulpit, when the slight form of Arthur Stanley seemed to fill it.

The Fine Arts

The Monument to Grant

THE DESIGNS for the Grant monument in Riverside Park, on exhibition this week at the Ortgies Galleries in Fifth Avenue, are five in number. None of the best known architects have competed. The Committee has made the best choice that was open to it—that of Mr. John H. Duncan's design, showing a portico supported by Doric columns, through which one passes into a memorial hall, one hundred feet high, bearing an open Ionic colonnade with a gallery inside, which, again, is surmounted by a stepped pyramidal roof supporting a group of statuary. A semi circular apse, to the rear of the memorial hall, will receive the sarcophagus. Exteriorly, the building promises to be impressive, though at the cost of a great deal of dead-weight of masonry in parts. There is plentiful provision of opportunities for statuary, mosaics and other decorations. An excellent feature, which should be made more of in the actual carrying out of the scheme, is the sketch for an approach from the river. The bluff is to be faced by a huge retaining-wall with square bastions, and a broad stair-way between them. This approach, ornamented by a triumphal arch, will be carried over the railroad track to a stone landing dock jutting into the river. This part of the design is capable of being made its most artistic feature. Of the four other designs shown, Mr. Charles W. Clinton's is the most attractive. It is a circular cella with a colonnade of Corinthian pillars. Above it is a light Ionic belvedere with a dome, surmounted by a statue of Columbia. The dome is the chief feature of N. Le Brun & Son's design. It is a vast hall with an interior gallery around the drum of the dome, from which one might look down upon the sarcophagus in the centre. Carrère & Hastings show the most elaborate of the five designs. A sweeping peristyle of very ornate character precedes the central domed hall, behind which rises a sort of campanile above the tomb. Mr. John Ord's design is for a tall domed tower with a semi-circular apse on each of the four sides. Considering that all of these designs have been submitted by men little known outside of their profession, it may be said that they show a higher standard of taste and ability than is usually credited to the majority of our architects.

Art Notes

MR. GLEESON WHITE, the young Englishman who compiled a volume of 'Ballades, Rondeaux,' etc., which appeared in the Canterbury Poets Series, two years ago, and is now published by D. Appleton & Co., has come to America to assist Mr. Montague Marks in editing *The Art Amateur*.

—Large models of the Parthenon and of the main façade and towers of Notre Dame have arrived from France and are being set up at the Metropolitan Museum. The number of pieces exceeds a thousand. The model of Notre Dame, when complete, will be twenty-three feet long and eighteen high. That of the Parthenon was shown at the Paris Exhibition. The purchases have been made from the Levy Hale Willard fund (about \$100,000), which was bequeathed for the purpose of supplying the Museum with casts and models. Many casts have already been collected and put in place; and models of the temple of Karnak, the Pantheon of Rome, the Arch of Constantine, St. Trophime, the Hall of the Guild of Butchers in Hildesheim, Germany, and the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates at Athens will be arranged in the hall of the Museum within the next two years.

—The Brooklyn Institute was almost completely destroyed by fire last Friday evening. Fortunately the flames were discovered (close up under the roof) in time to admit of the rescue of many paintings, drawings, engravings, etc. The loss is estimated at \$40,000. Twice before within the past eight months the building has been in danger of destruction, once from some rubbish catching fire near the furnaces in the basement, and once from a lighted cigar-stump in a closet under the sidewalk. The Institute is an outgrowth of the Brooklyn Apprentices' Library Association, which was formed in 1824.

—Eugène Piot has left to the Académie des Beaux Arts an annual prize of \$400 for pictures and sculptures of nude infants under fifteen months of age. Painters are to compete one year and sculptors the next, in alternation.

—The aim of 'One Summer's Lessons in Practical Perspective' is to teach perspective while telling a story. Letty's troubles with her landscape drawings vanish as she is made to understand the nature of the horizon, the picture plane, the point of sight and vanishing points. Her teacher, who is a good-natured summer boarder at her uncle, Captain Peter Stowell's, explains all these recondite matters both agreeably and correctly, and illustrates her talks with the usual set of diagrams, which, however, have been made as little complicated as possible. The author, Christine Chaplin Brush, further promises

to answer by mail any questions sent to her through the publishers. (75 cts. Boston: Roberts Bros.)

—An etching, by Mr. Herbert Dicksee, of a 'Lion Drinking' is the frontispiece of the September *Portfolio*. 'A Week in Somerset,' by Reginald T. Blomfield, is illustrated by pretty pen-drawings of old manors and cathedral towers. 'A Visitor for Jack' is the title of a picture by Hamilton Macallum, which shows a girl descending the steps of a wharf to a boat which has come from a ship in the offing. Another full-page plate shows a couple of girls with baskets of live bait seated on the rocks by the seashore. It is after a picture by Colin Hunter, A.R.A. 'The British Seas' series is continued with drawings of Cape Wrath and Noss Head, by Alfred Dawson; and the first part of an article by Julia M. Ady, on 'The Pastels of Millet,' is printed.

American Books in German Editions

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I paid my German publisher a visit recently, and learned a few facts which may prove to be of interest to my fellow authors whose work finds its way into German print. We are apt to think that the sturdy German is slow to avail himself of the benefits to be derived from appropriating another's property, but this is a mistake so far as some publishers are concerned. Recently a new paper was started in Berlin. They honored me by using 'The Leavenworth Case.' My other books are similarly honored, periodically. At present, 'Behind Closed Doors' is appearing in an Austrian daily.

The Critic has given so much labor toward holding up to its readers the necessity for securing International Copyright, that you may think it well to consider Germany and Austria in the matter. Mr. Robert Lutz of Stuttgart has published translations of many American books. Having paid for the right to do so, it is natural for him to consider his translations his own property. The newspaper publishers do not choose to look at the matter in this light, and boldly appropriate the books. If they are requested to stop, they advise him to cease paying for rights which he cannot protect. I would therefore suggest to American and English authors, who purpose publishing in Germany and Austria, that they send their MSS. to their respective publishers long in advance of either the English or American publications. By this means the German publishers can control both serial and book publication, and so prevent their theft.

There are translators here who boast of having more direct relations with American and English publishers than is beneficial to authors. This I believe to be absolutely false so far as the publishers are concerned; but when I find that my books are published by the papers here sooner than by my authorized publisher, it seems necessary to exercise some care, for stories so printed could only be secured by obtaining possession of stolen proofsheets, or from hastily made translations of English editions which are not apt to enhance an author's reputation. I state these facts on the authority of Mr. Lutz.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

KORBMAFFELSENHOF, BLACK FOREST, Aug. 31, 1890.

American Library Association

NEARLY TWO HUNDRED delegates to the annual reunion of the American Library Association listened to the speech of welcome delivered by Senator J. W. Patterson at Fabyan House, N. H., on Tuesday evening, Sept. 9. In his opening address, President Frederick M. Crunden declared his concurrence with the opinion of an overwhelming majority of the members of the Association, that it were best to continue, at these annual meetings, the discussion of elementary topics. The employment of a paid assistant was recommended, in order that the office of Secretary might continue to be held by Mr. Melvil Dewey, who knows the various members as no one else does, and is a conservator of the history of the society, but whose time is increasingly devoted to the discharge of his duties as Secretary of the University of New York and Director of the State Library. Subsequently, however, Mr. Dewey was elected President of the Association. His report as Secretary advocated the revision of existing State laws, the exemption of libraries from taxation, and the formation of a Library Department under the supervision of the United States Bureau of Education, and advised that national meetings be held only on alternate years, local meetings in the North, East, South and West being held in off years. On Wednesday morning the Rev. Ernest C. Richardson of Princeton, while heartily commending the work of the Library School, expressed himself as in favor of a longer and more scientific training. The matter of the distribution and indexing of public documents called out an interesting and energetic discussion. The present method was characterized as involving wasteful expenditure, but better

methods, when advocated in the Senate, were continually opposed on the score of expense. It was moved that the reports of William Beer on 'Aids and Guides,' and of K. A. Linderfelt, on 'Catalogues and Classification,' be combined in one list and printed. In the evening Mr. H. M. Utley of Detroit read a report on 'Architecture.' Mr. W. I. Fletcher's paper on 'Proper Lighting for Libraries' advocated daylight well diffused above the stacks. Dr. W. F. Poole of the Newberry Library, Chicago, explained the plans of that great institution, which is not yet *un fait accompli*.

On Thursday morning Mr. Thorwald Solberg, late of the Library of Congress, read a paper on 'Library Legislation.' Col. Weston Flint, Statistician of the Bureau of Education, followed with a report on the library work of the Bureau. He thought the time had come to prepare a public report, briefer and more compact than that of 1876, bringing down to date the history of libraries in the United States. A paper was read by Miss Harriet E. Green, Cataloguer of the Boston Athenæum, as to the rights and duties of library experts. This was followed by one by Mr. Charles C. Soule, the Boston publisher, on 'The Duties of the Trustees of Libraries'; and the same subject was treated by the Rev. J. C. Learned of St. Louis and Mr. S. S. Green of Worcester. The publishers' section met in the afternoon. Mr. W. I. Fletcher of Amherst was elected President; William C. Lane of Harvard College, Secretary and Treasurer; C. C. Soule, Melvil Dewey and R. R. Bowker, members of the Executive Committee. It was suggested that the index to essays and general literature now in preparation be called the A. L. A. Index. This is somewhat widely known as the Fletcher Index, and will require over two years more for completion. An annotated catalogue of desirable works for the young, printed by the section, is now ready for sale. The delegates from New York met to consider the interests of their own State. Among them were Mr. George William Harris, Librarian of Cornell University; Mr. R. B. Poole, Mr. George Baker of Columbia College; Mr. and Mrs. Dewey, Walter Biscoe, Miss Coe of the New York Free Circulating Library; Dr. M. Mullen, Mr. Saxton of the Board of Regents; Prof. Bisbee of Dartmouth College; Miss Seymour, Miss Walker, Miss Cutler and Mrs. Loomis. The practicability of establishing a State clearing-house for duplicates was discussed; and the question of a State censorship for libraries receiving public money excited a lively discussion. On Friday, two new experiments in the matter of Sunday openings were reported successful—that of the Providence and that of the Pawtucket Public Library. A discussion was evoked, during which Judge Chamberlain, the retiring Librarian of the Boston Public Library, said that, though possibly 75 per cent. of the Sunday readers came for the sake of the comfortable chairs, he still believed it accomplished a good work.

On Friday morning Dr. Ernest C. Richardson, Librarian of Princeton, read an essay on 'Antediluvian Libraries, Ancient and Modern.' The first known library was that of the Vedas, of which Brahma was the librarian. The library of Odin also was described, and a list given of some works comprising the libraries of Adam, Noah, and other patriarchs. Papers were read by Mr. C. Alexander Nelson, Librarian of the Howard Memorial Library, New Orleans, on 'How Books were Bought for Our Library'; by Dr. Lewis H. Steiner of the Enoch Pratt Library, Baltimore, on 'The Future of the Public Library,' and by Mrs. M. A. Saunders of the Pawtucket Public Library, on 'Reading for the Young People.' Ex-Senator Chace of Rhode Island spoke in favor of a more generous policy on the part of the Government toward the Library of Congress, and an adequate provision for the purchase of foreign works.

A trustees' section of the Association was formed, twenty-six trustees of libraries having attended the conference. Among these were Dr. H. B. Adams, Trustee of Amherst College; Col. H. L. Carver, Mrs. Melvil Dewey, Cathedral Library, Albany, N. Y.; William Gaylord, Forbes Library, Northampton, Mass.; John M. Glenn, New Mercantile Library, Baltimore; E. Hovey, Brookline Public Library; James P. Parmenter, Arlington Library, Mass.; Pliny T. Sexton, Regent of the University of New York; Miss D. K. Sherman, Y. M. C. A., New York; C. C. Soule, Brookline Public Library; Oscar L. Whitelaw, St. Louis Public Library, and Norman Williams, Public Library of Chicago.

California was selected as the Association's next place of meeting, and the time the first week of next September. The following officers were chosen for the coming year:—President, Melvil Dewey; Vice-Presidents, C. C. Soule, W. I. Fletcher, W. T. Harris, K. A. Linderfelt; Secretary, W. E. Foster; Treasurer, H. J. Carr; Recording Secretary, George T. Little; Assistant Secretaries, Miss M. S. Cutler and Messrs. H. E. Davidson, W. E. Parker and C. C. Pickett.

The Association appointed a representative to urge upon Congress the passage of the International Copyright bill. After adjournment, many of the members enjoyed a few days' outing in the

White Mountains. The New York *Tribune* presented daily reports of the proceedings at the conference.

Dr. Holmes at Beverly Farms

[The Boston Advertiser]

THE anniversary of his birth always finds Dr. Holmes at his summer home at Beverly Farms. His is a pleasant homestead. The house is not large, but it is just large enough for the charming family which occupies it. It is back a little way from the quiet road, and an elliptical driveway leads to and away from the door. A bed of blooming plants is surrounded by this drive. Beyond is a mass of precipitous rock, which rises almost to the roof of the dwelling, and which affords a foothold here and there in the crevices for clambering vines and honeysuckles. Green grass closely clipped is all about. The porch and veranda are almost hidden among a mass of vines, through whose festoons a glimpse is had of the blue sea almost at the door, and the white walls of the light-house.

Within is found not elegance, but substantial comfort, and everywhere the evidence of rare taste. The floors are of polished oak, strewn with rugs. At the left of the entrance is Dr. Holmes's library, or rather study, for he takes with him to his country seaside home but a few of the many volumes which line the walls of his library in Beacon Street. The room is extremely pleasant. A wide bay-window overlooks the tiny dooryard and the jasmine-covered rock. Beside this window, where an excellent southern light comes from his left, is his writing-desk. This is not in the least the ideal *escritoire* of a poet, but a very prosaic roll-top desk of polished black walnut, kept with all the neatness and precision of the professional bookkeeper. Opposite is a broad, open fireplace, with andirons and fender brightly polished. Before this is the poet's favorite chair, while at the opposite side sits another, wide-armed chair, which smiles a welcome to the visitor.

This great chair is often occupied, for Dr. Holmes entertains many visitors and welcomes all. So many years has he occupied this home by the sea that he has warm friends in all the country round. Beside those who often call for a few moments' chat, many pull his bell and sit for a while in his easy chair who are to him strangers, but who have become familiar with him through his writings. He thus becomes accustomed to admiration, although sometimes he receives a surfeit of it. Few of these transient admirers leave without begging of him the favor of his autograph, and the favor is always graciously granted. No one who asks personally for a specimen of his handwriting is ever refused.

A large portion of Dr. Holmes's time is consumed in examining his mail. This is always very large, and the majority of his correspondents are strangers. The letters are of all sorts. Many are requests for autographs. When a neat card and a stamped and addressed return envelope are inclosed, Dr. Holmes always complies with this request. Why does not everyone who writes requesting autographs of famous men have the courtesy to inclose a stamped and addressed return envelope? It is more or less of an annoyance to find writing materials and copy an address, and to supply stamps to an army of autograph collectors is in itself no small expense. Formerly Dr. Holmes conducted all of his correspondence with his own hand. But of late he has found it necessary to employ a secretary. Although his health is firm, his eye bright and his form upright, Dr. Holmes calls himself an old man. Neither is he one of the old men of whom we read so often, who are growing a third set of teeth and can see to read fine print in the dark without spectacles. He does not hesitate to confess to a failing eyesight, and he is not at all ashamed to admit that he cannot read manuscript as readily as he once could. His amanuensis, then, reads the majority of Dr. Holmes's letters to him, and, in many cases, writes the reply, which, however, is always signed with the poet's autograph. As many of his correspondents are ladies, and as the modern style of chirography for the sex has not yet penetrated to all the corners which Dr. Holmes's books have reached, he finds the assistance of his secretary in reading their letters very grateful.

Autograph collectors do not comprise all of Dr. Holmes's correspondents. Frequently inquiries are made respecting passages in his works. Very often manuscripts are sent with the request that he shall read and pass upon their merits. When these are short poems the poet usually complies with the request; when they are lengthy manuscripts—which, by the way, do not come as frequently as formerly—they invariably are returned by the next mail. It is imposing upon an unusually sweet disposition too greatly to ask a busy old man to wade through an interminable manuscript which cannot afford him any personal interest. The vast majority of the manuscripts sent to Dr. Holmes have proved upon examina-

tion to possess but little if any merit, and in many cases are the product of people who have greatly overrated their literary powers. But now and then through the years he has been delighted to discover a gem which betrayed the presence of unrecognized genius. Such people have never failed to receive that warm encouragement which Dr. Holmes knows so well how to give.

But the poet's days are not fully occupied by his visitors and his correspondence. His 'Over the Teacups' chat, which is appearing monthly in *The Atlantic*, has occupied much of his time and attention. 'I enjoy the writing,' he said to me the other day, 'but perhaps I have not the enthusiasm which I had in writing the Autocrat. It is, perhaps, natural that this should be so. I wrote the Autocrat at forty-seven; now I am eighty-one. But yet the work is pleasing. There are one or two numbers more to appear, and then it will be published in book form. It is easy enough to make a book,' said the doctor, as his eye twinkled. 'All you need is good thick paper and put in plenty of "fat," as the printers call it. I do not know what I shall busy myself about next,' he added, in response to a query. 'I have no plans except for desultory literary work which suggests itself from time to time.'

The Tall Hero

[The New York Times]

THE London *Speaker* has been making a study of the heroes who have been introduced to the public in the novels of the recent summer, and has found that the great majority of these gentlemen is composed of good, tall men, every one of whom is over six feet high, broad in proportion, and, of course, magnificently knit and gloriously strong. Doubtless this is as it should be when a novelist is not bent on making merely a psychological study by weaving a wind of his own blowing into any pattern of phantasmal man that his whim or his profound thought may suggest; and it is also in accord with the present turn for athletics, long shanks, velocipede-compelling, and well greaved in sombre or bright-hued hose, and, in short, with all the long array of things that enable the shapely young man to show himself to advantage. There was a time when black-visaged, surly, and soured men rather under than over the average height and rather ugly than fine of countenance—men like Mr. Rochester in 'Jane Eyre,' for example,—were the predominant type of novelists' heroes, but it seems that during the past summer all this sort of thing was swept aside, and the tall and comely hero, bright as the fair god Balder and at least an inch and a half longer than Lord Chesterfield's standard gentleman, stepped in and made his bow to the world of novel readers. Welcome and wassail to him so long as his form is tall and commanding! May his shadow never be less longitudinally or greater in cross section, and may no one ever say to him, as one old gentleman in *Punch* once said to another whom then he saw for the first time in many years: 'When you were young you had a slim figure and curly hair, and now your hair is slim and your figure curly.'

Of course it is an excellent thing for the hero of a novel to be tall, to have no superfluous flesh, and to be blessed with muscles that 'stand out like whipcords,' and when we reflect on the ease with which a novelist may make his, and more especially her, hero as big as Gargantua or as little as the Devil on Two Sticks, as finely molded as Prince Charming or as oafish a lout as Caliban, we see at once that, for ordinary purposes, it is best to make him a beauty whom to look at is to love, and if length of limb be essential to complete manly beauty, by all means the hero should be as tall as possible within reasonable limits and the modesty of nature. All his actions in the story—that is to say, all of them for which his tallness furnishes the *motif*, and which are not episodic and of trifling importance, may be readily contrived by the merest novice with the pen. In case the hovel of one of the tenants on his broad acres be on fire, and it be necessary to release its inmates while the door is barred on the inside, all he has to do is step upon the roof, put his arm down the chimney, and unbolt the door. Many other feats more or less resembling this will easily occur to an ingenious novelist; and, indeed, as a sort of thesaurus of all that human length and strength can do, he has but to turn to the pages of Dean Swift and M. Rabelais. The hero's stature and brawn will always make such exploits reasonable, just as the mediæval story, cited by Mr. Baring-Gould, according to which our forefather Adam was 150 feet high, readily accounts for the disastrous effects of his fall, or as the vast size and density of Gargantua's head rendered it not unbecoming to represent that hero as sitting under a tree after a battle combing the cannon balls out of his hair. In this sort of novel the thread will follow the needle, and the needle has only to be thrust in and pulled. So the work is easy, and the people who do it well ought to stick to it, and do it as simply as if they were writing the Lives of the Saints or the

Gesta Romanorum. A well-told tale is as good as a well-written novel.

But, somehow or other, people who make their heroes tall commonly take to tall writing somewhat beyond the stature of their natural abilities. They will be psychological at times instead of confining themselves to the yardstick and the bobbin. Then they are all abroad, and render their limitations painfully obvious. The heroes who, they tell us, have intellects as tall, lithe, and subtle as their frames, are, on the contrary, of a squat and dumpish mind. Although, like their funny prototype, Ernest Maltravers, they may, as their builders would have us think, be consulted, at the age of eighteen, by all the leading statesmen and philosophers of Europe, besides being contributors to the leading reviews, there is nothing in what they really say and do to make one believe that they would not poke a fire from the top or become fitting high privates in the Salvation Army. Their profoundest metaphysicians confound Kant and Comte in a fearfully reckless way; their learned physicians have quite as frequently studied at Aleppo as at Paris, and are not above looking upon 'Arnott's Physics' as a medical treatise. Also, when they come to the agitations, doubts, fears, and perturbations of love, they are worse than stray cows for delicacy, and the cartman is to them as Romeo to Bill Sykes. And so it goes on to the end of the story. Some day a novel-writing machine will be invented. There is plenty of room for one.

"Crossing the Bar"

F. RODRIGUEZ contributes to the *Nuova Antologia*, under the heading 'La Diga Estrema,' this translation of Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar':—

Il sol cade; la stella del crepuscolo
m'accenna—partirò!
purchè alla diga estrema il mar non mormori
quand' io lo varcherò!

E un largo fiotto senza spume e sonito,
che il calmo aer sopi,
riconduca all' abisso immisurabile
quel che ne assurde un dì.

E sera, squilla la campana a vespero;
la notte ecco venir!
purchè di tristi addii, di gemiti
non suoni il mio partir!

Nel mar ch' è senza tempo e senza limite
l' onda mi porterà,
ma il suo Pilota faccia a faccia scorgere
l' anima al fin portà.

Current Criticism

'AN AMERICAN ACADEMY OF LANGUAGE.'—The English language as spoken by the American people is subject to great and rapid changes. Among a people so little conservative everyone seems to feel at liberty to coin words and take liberties with his mother tongue. The varied foreign elements pouring into our country from every nation under the sun, the extent and variety of our territory, the vast sectional industries carried on, the cosmopolitan and migratory character of our people, their omnivorous habit of taking intellectual pabulum from all nations and languages and tongues—all these are constantly transforming our language. While these things may prevent a tendency to distinct dialects and serve in a measure to knead our language into a compact whole, yet they keep pouring into the mass an endless variety of new elements, and thus it is at the mercy of an infinite number of fluctuating forces. It is of interest to every American that the language in which the English classics have been written shall be kept as pure as possible, and that all changes shall be made with the greatest care. In no way can this be so well accomplished as through an American Academy of Language. No other means will so effectually secure unity, prevent sectionalism, and abolish dialects. No mere dictionary-making, whether by one man, one university, or a committee of men, can secure the greatest permanence, breadth, or unity to a language. When the standard of a language is left for the individual lexicographer to establish, sectionalism will at once come in. The West can complain that it is controlled by the usage or dictum of the East, or *vice versa*. The battle waged between the admirers or allies of different lexicographers produces an endless confusion; and dictionary-buying becomes an expensive luxury, while the buyer has a vague feeling that the latest 'unabridged' will be a transitory authority. What is imperatively needed is an American Academy of Language, with representatives from every section of our country. Every first-class college or university should be entitled to have a member. Only the best linguists and scholars should be allowed to become mem-

bers. Such men would win the respect of the nation by their scholarship, and soon establish a standard of pronunciation and orthography that would be recognized and obeyed as the authority on such subjects for Americans. And it would not be long before the scholars of England would co-operate with them, and we should then have a standard for all English-speaking people. In what way could a part of the much-discussed 'treasury surplus' be spent that could bring us more honor or lasting profit than in founding such an institution? a national monument of which all Americans would be proud, a permanent testimonial to our national culture, wisdom, and patriotism. Unsectional and thoroughly American, representing our ripest scholarship and broadest development, it would become an authority to which we would not only gladly submit, but to which we would all eagerly appeal.—*The North American Review*.

Notes

MR. RICHARD HENRY STODDARD is making a collection of his recent poems, which will appear before long from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. At the same time he is preparing a paper for *Belford's Magazine* on 'Omar' Fitzgerald, to be followed by a critical study of the 'Rubáiyát.'

—Mr. Clark Russell writes the novel for the October *Lippincott's*. 'A Marriage at Sea,' it is called. The poets of the number are Mr. Julian Hawthorne (who also contributes an essay on Rudyard Kipling), Miss M. G. McClelland, and Miss Bessie Chandler.

—D. Appleton & Co. publish this week 'Bismarck in Private Life.' It is the work of a fellow-student, who makes no attempt to estimate the statesman or to analyze his work for German unity. Several portraits will illustrate the text. The Canadian novel announced by this house was written twenty years or more ago by Philippe Gaspé, the translation being called 'The Canadians of Old.'

—The work upon Psychology, on which Prof. William James of Harvard has been engaged for many years, will be published very shortly by Henry Holt & Co. It may be expected to give the most complete statement yet made of latter-day aspects of the science.

—Among the contributors of fiction to *Harper's* for October will be Mr. Jonathan Sturges, author of 'A Moonlighter of County Clare' in the July number, and translator of Maupassant. At the same time Mr. Joaquin Miller will describe some 'Nights at Newstead Abbey' (Byron's home) as the guest of Col. Webb.

—A. C. McClurg & Co. have nearly ready 'Martha Corey: A Tale of the Salem Witchcraft,' by Miss Constance Goddard DuBois.

—*The Athenæum* says of Lafcadio Hearn's 'Youma':—'It is an admirable little tale, full of local characteristics, with curious fragments of Creole French from Martinique, and abundance of wide human sympathy. It deserved reprinting for English readers more than three-fourths of the fiction which is wont to cross the Atlantic under similar circumstances.'

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. will issue on Sept. 27 'The Narrative of Capt. Coignet, Soldier of the Empire,' an autobiographical account of one of Napoleon's body-guard, translated from the French by Mrs. M. Carey, and illustrated; 'The Portable Commentary,' by Jameson, Fausset, and Brown; 'The Robber Count,' from the German of Julius Wolff by W. Henry and Elizabeth R. Winslow; 'Famous European Artists,' by Sarah K. Bolton; 'Real Happenings,' by Mrs. William Claflin; 'Family Manners,' by Elizabeth Glover; and a limited edition of Bourrienne's Memoirs, in five volumes, with over 100 illustrations.

—A St. Petersburg cablegram, dated Sept. 16, reported Count Lyof N. Tolstoï as seriously ill.

—It is said that Mme. Bernhardt is having two new plays written for her by authors of very different styles. One will be by 'Ouida,' who has not hitherto written anything for the stage, and will be entitled 'Helen of Toledo'; the other will be from the pen of 'Catulle Mendès,' and will be called 'Son Altesse la Pure.'

—The well-known publishing firm of W. & R. Chambers, of Edinburgh and London, has been turned into a limited liability company, the capital being 100,000*l*. The shares are not offered to the public, but are divided amongst the Chambers family and the employees.

—Mr. John Jasper, City Superintendent of Schools, has received \$3,000 for twelve additional public school scholarships from the donor of the original \$3,000 for those already filled. The scholarships are to be awarded to boys who desire to obtain a collegiate education, but whose parents are unable to continue them in school unaided. Whenever any one of the twenty-four is qualified to enter any of the American universities, and, wishing to do so,

is unable to, for want of pecuniary help, the donor promises to see him through as far as he desires to go. Mr. Jasper, William Merrill, and James Goodwin are the committee designated by the donor of the scholarships to make the appointments to them. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer of the *World* is reported to be the founder of the scholarships.

—'Told After Supper' is the title of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new book.

—'Why is it,' writes J. M. of Santa Barbara, Cal., 'that in the ninth edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica," edited especially for America, there is no mention of Lindley Murray, the Grammarian? The Supplement (volume of 1889) does make out to reveal him, and devotes a few lines to the life of a man whose name, for the best part of a century, was almost a synonym for English Grammar.'

—Mr. Fisher Unwin announces Mr. Leland's 'Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune Telling,' in an edition limited to 150 copies, at 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*. each; and an exhaustive Life of Nelson, by Mr. G. Latham Browne. Mr. Unwin will be the London agent of the Nicolay-Hay History of Lincoln and the Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson.

—W. C. M. writes thus to *The Athenæum*:—

Mr. Moncure D. Conway (see *Athen.*, No. 3269) recently found the original work from which certain 'Rules of Civility' existing in George Washington's handwriting are supposed to have been translated, and, in his note to the *New York Nation*, seems not to be aware of any existing English version. He may be glad to know that F. Hawkins's 'Youth's Behaviour,' published about 1640 and of which many editions were issued during the century, may well have been the literal English original for Washington's Copy. As he is preparing a monograph on the subject, he may be glad to have his attention called to a similar 'Rules of Civility,' 1673, also translated from the French.

—D. Lothrop Co. published last week 'In the Riding School,' by Theodore Stephenson Browne (Miss G. Hamlin); 'Far West Sketches,' by Jessie Benton Frémont; 'Stories of Famous Precious Stones,' by Mrs. Goddard Orpen; and 'On the Hills,' by Frederick Starr.

—The London correspondent of the Glasgow *Herald* reports that, collectively, Mr. Herbert Spencer's writings have a large and steadily increasing sale. His literary agents in America, the Messrs. Appleton ('one of the oldest firms, and *par excellence* the "science and philosophy" publishers, in the States'), who pay him a handsome royalty on every copy disposed of by them, have sold over 164,000 copies. Mr. Spencer has also smaller, but still tangible, royalties from the foreign firms who have published French, German or Russian versions of his writings.

—Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson is about publishing in volume form a narrative poem under the title of 'The Epic of Saul.' It consists of some 8000 lines of blank-verse, distributed into fourteen books or cantos.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish 'The Venetian Printing-Press,' an historical study, by Horatio F. Brown, with 22 wood-block illustrations; 'A Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations,' on a new plan, by John Devoe Belton; 'English Prose: Its Elements, History, and Usage,' by Prof. John Earle of Oxford; 'The Life and Work of Charles Darwin,' by Charles F. Holder, introducing the series called 'Leaders of Science'; 'The History of the 19th Army Corps,' by Lieut.-Col. Richard B. Irwin; and 'Fra Lippo Lippi,' a romance of Florence, by Margaret Vere Farrington. It is expected that the three remaining volumes of John Jay's writings will be issued before the end of the year. 'Theoderic the Goth, the Barbarian Champion of Civilization,' by Thomas Hodgkin, author of 'Italy and the Invaders,' will be the next volume in the Heroes of the Nations Series.

—M. de Blowitz, the famous correspondent of the London *Times*, lives in an apartment near the Arc de Triomphe, Paris, where, until eleven o'clock every day, arrayed in a dark green coat and loose trousers, outside of which he wears short boots embroidered up the legs, he receives his visitors. He dips his treacherous pen in a silver-topped crystal inkstand, and all the appointments of his dwelling are equally luxurious.

—Publication of *The Monist*, a quarterly magazine of philosophy, science, religion and sociology, will be begun on Oct. 1 by the Open Court Publishing Co. of Chicago. The first number will contain articles by Prof. E. D. Cope of Philadelphia, Prof. George J. Romanes of London, M. Alfred Binet of Paris, Prof. Ernst Mach of Prague, Max Dessoir of Berlin, and Dr. Paul Carus of Chicago. The foreign correspondence, and the departments for the general review of foreign philosophical and scientific literature, will be conducted, for Italy, by Prof. C. Lombroso, the criminologist; for France, by Lucien Arréat, the critic of the *Revue Philosophique*; for the northern countries, by Prof. Harald Höfding of Copenhagen; for Germany, by Prof. F. Jodl of Prague, and others. Reviews of

American and English books will appear separately. In later issues will appear articles by Prof. Joseph Le Conte, Prof. William James, Charles S. Peirce, Prof. Max Müller, Prof. Ernst Hæckel, and Th. Ribot.

—M. Etienne Chavaray, the French autograph collector and dealer, in a recent interview says that the signature of Columbus can always find a buyer at \$800, the one letter existing in Titian's handwriting fetched \$600, and an epistle of Raphael's to some fair dame \$300. Molière never seems to have written a letter; his signature alone is worth \$200. The one letter written by Corneille which was ever in the trade was sold to Mr. Alfred Morrison, the English collector, for \$800. The signature alone brings \$200.

—Frederick C. de Sumichrast, Professor of French Literature and the Drama at Harvard University, will write an introductory chapter for a work upon 'Actors on the American Stage,' which Mr. Frederic Edward McKay is editing.

—Of the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's edition of Shakespeare in sixteen folio volumes (1853-65), only 150 copies were printed, and for four years only two of these have made their appearance in the auction-room. One was sold in May, 1888, for \$17, and the other has just realized 1717. Both copies were equally clean and good, and, curiously enough, the binding was the same in each case.

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce for next year a work by Prof. Richard T. Ely of Johns Hopkins, now in course of preparation, in which will be shown the nature of Socialism, its strength and its weakness. The book will contain a discussion of Nationalism, also.

—S. B., Jr., a New Yorker, writes:—'There is not, I believe, any reading room in town where one can go and see nearly all the periodicals in the city. I frequently want to look at a copy of some periodical, and can't find it. A good reading-room should keep absolutely every paper published in the city.'

—The remarkable success achieved by Miss Piercy, in the medical examinations of the University of London, has been followed up, says *The Pall Mall*, by the ladies with no less distinction in the general list of honors just issued.

Miss Diana Jane Thomas stands at the head of the first class in English, Miss Margaretha Stoer occupies the same place in French, and Miss Jane Holt is *facile princeps* in Experimental Physics. The names of women will be found also in the second and third classes in these and in other subjects. It is rumored that this honorable rivalry between the sexes will be carried before long into another field, and that the fair alumnae of one of the leading ladies' colleges intend to celebrate an 'Old Girls' Dinner' at a Dorothy restaurant.

—Mr. Whitaker publishes this week 'The Slaves of Sabinus: Jew and Gentile,' by Charlotte M. Yonge, and 'The Hidden Treasure: A Story of Troublous Times,' by Lucy Ellen Guernsey. He announces also new editions of Dr. Washburn's 'Social Law of God: Sermons on the Ten Commandments,' and Bishop Kip's 'Unnoticed Things of Scripture.'

—Mr. Enoch Pratt, of Baltimore, celebrated on the 10th inst. the eighty-second anniversary of his birth. Telegrams of congratulation were received from all parts of the country. The Pratt Free Library, his great gift to the city, was gaily decorated with flowers. Several branches of the Library have been established and make most useful adjuncts to it. The new 'Finding List' contains in one compact volume a complete catalogue of the 55,000 volumes in the Library on Aug. 1.

—Mrs. Sylvanus Reed, for twenty-six years the head of a well-known private school for girls in this city, will say, in the October *Scribner's*:—

I took the college system for men, and eliminated from it studies the educational value of which was questioned by high authorities, and adapted it to the needs of women. Just now, when in these colleges woman has demonstrated that she can do in an examination just as much and as well as a young man, the great universities of England and America have discovered, what a quarter of a century ago I believed to be the case, that much of this preparation is a waste of time and energy.

—The Senate on Tuesday voted to purchase, at a cost not exceeding \$30,000, Thomas S. Townsend's extensive collection of data on the Civil War, known as his 'Library of National Records.' The library consists of a vast amount of material illustrative of the War, gathered from the leading newspapers, both Northern and Southern, during the last thirty years. Its purchase was strongly recommended by the Librarian of Congress, and early in the session the Joint Committee on the Library reported unanimously in favor of the bill.

—James Monteith, the well-known geographer and teacher, died on Sept. 11 at his residence at Washington Heights, this city, in the sixtieth year of his age. His Geographies, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., are known in every town and city of the Union.

Mr. Monteith was for a long time a teacher in District School No. 13, this city, but for many years he had devoted himself entirely to his special work, which yielded him a handsome income. His principal books are a 'History of the United States,' for youths; a complete course of school geographies, map-drawing, pictorial chart of geography, and maps of Canaan, Palestine, and the travels of St. Paul. Mr. Monteith married for the second time about two years ago, and leaves a widow, a son and a daughter.

—From an article in *The Pall Mall Gazette* we learn that 'Carmen Sylva,' Queen of Roumania, begins her literary work before it is day.

She disturbs no one, neither his Majesty nor even a maid. She lights her own lamp, and works until the sun brings more light. Were we to cite all her Majesty's published works they would be legion, and many others remain in the sacred precincts of her boudoir. The 'Tales of the Carpathians,' the libretto of an opera, a volume of 'Thoughts,' 'Roumanian Poems,' 'Jehovah,' 'Mein Ruhe,' and many others have been fully appreciated and translated into various languages. The opera 'Neaga,' the libretto of which was written by Carmen Sylva, was performed with great success at Stockholm. The scene of the opera lies in Roumania, and convicts who are condemned to pass their lives in the salt-mines are introduced. Peasant life is admirably depicted throughout, and the national costumes to be worn on the stage were sent from the Elizabeth School at Bucharest.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1580.—In what magazine did 'The Red Mountain Mines' appear, five or six years since, and has the story been printed in any other form? PENN YAN, N. Y.

C. H. G.

1581.—Can you tell me where I can find, in English, Hugo's oration on the centenary of Voltaire's death?

EAST MORICHES, L. I.

J. S. W.

1582.—Were there two C. L. Eastlakes? Leslie Stephen's 'National Biography' names but one, yet the Brooklyn catalogue has two: Sir Charles Lock Eastlake (painter), author of 'Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts' and 'Memoirs for a History of Oil-Painting,' and Charles Lock Eastlake, architect, author of 'Hints on Household Taste' and 'History of the Gothic Revival.' Who is the latter?

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

J. H. W.

Publications Received

[RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

- Amicus, E. de. Holland and its People. Tr. by C. Tilton. \$2.25.
 Banks, N. H. Stairs of Sand. 50c. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
 Ballard, J. P. Moths and Butterflies. \$1.50. Boston: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Ballou, M. M. Aztec Land. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Bardeen, C. R. Home Exercise. 50c. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.
 Blake, M. E. A Summer Holiday in Europe. \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 Brown, A. and M. Famous Novels by Great Men. 50c. Minerva Pub. Co.
 Browne, T. S. In the Riding-School. \$1. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
 Burton, H. The Gospel of St. Luke. \$1.50. Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bro.
 Camera, C. Sifting Matrimony. 25c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 Clark, S. C. A Look Upward. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 Clark, S. C. The Round Trip. \$1. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 Compayré, G. The Elements of Psychology. Tr. by W. H. Payne. \$1. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 Cooper, J. The Faith of a Realist. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Corson, H. Introduction to Browning. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
 Douglas, A. M. In Trust. 50c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 Fiske, J. Civil Government in the United States. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Fontaine, C. Historiettes Modernes. Tome II. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
 Guernsey, L. E. The Hidden Treasure. \$1.50. Thomas Whitaker.
 Guyot, A. The Earth and Man. Tr. by C. C. Felton. \$1.75. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Hale, 'Bibb.' The Turnover Club. 50c. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
 Harkness, A. Easy Latin Method. American Book Co.
 Hughes, T. Alfred the Great. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Ladd, G. T. Introduction to Philosophy. \$3. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Lamb, C. The Essays of Elia. Ed. by A. Birrell. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
 Lea, H. C. Religious History of Spain. Phila.: Lea Brothers & Co.
 Lowell, J. R. Prose Works. Vols. I, II. \$1.50 each. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Nadaillac, Marquis de. Pre-Historic America. Ed. by W. H. Dall. \$2.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Preble, H., and Parker, C. P. Handbook of Latin Writing. 55c. Boston: Ginn & Co.
 Prudden, T. M. Dust and its Dangers. 75c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Reddall, H. F. Pocket Hand-Book of Biography. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.
 Saint-Amand, I. de. Citizeness Bonaparte. Tr. by I. S. Perry. \$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
 Southey's Life of Nelson. Ed. by M. Macmillan. 60c. Macmillan & Co.
 Stevens, H. P., and St. Lega, W. From Darkness to Light. 50c. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
 Tovey, D. C. Gray and His Friends. \$2. Macmillan & Co.
 Walsh, W. P. The Voice of the Psalms. \$1.50. Thomas Whitaker.
 Woodhall-Martin, V. C. Humanitarian Government. London: Woodhall Martin.

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TIC ARTS. Lyceum Theatre Building, N. Y.
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27th. For particulars, address the Secretary.

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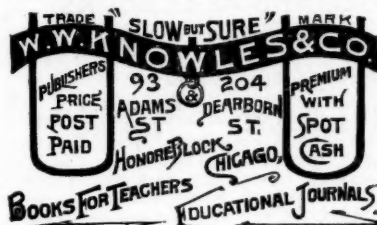
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